Send HIM a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, Page 10.

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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 644. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1918. TWOPENCE.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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Please reserve "The National News" for me each Sunday.

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The ONLY PENNY SUNDAY NEWSPAPER
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VI means **Life.** And VI-Cocoa is so named because it revives and invigorates all who take it.

Its good effects are immediate in cases of exhaustion and nerve strain.

Business men and women who drink a cup of Vi-Cocoa immediately they reach home find themselves able and ready to derive benefit from their evening meal, as they cannot do when they are "too tired to eat."

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Always ask for VI-COCOA—and see that "Little Miss Vi" is on every packet.

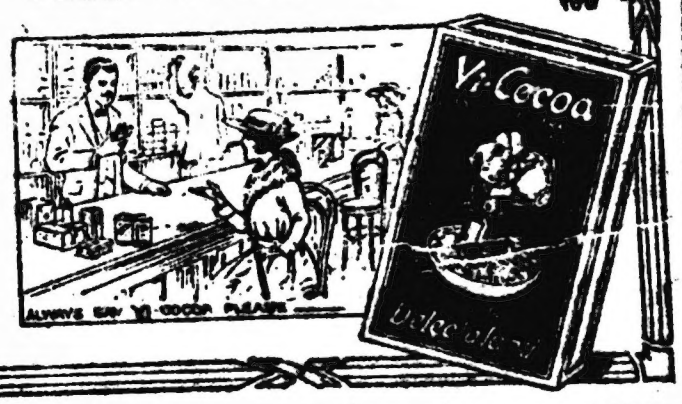
Vi-Cocoa is popularly known as **the Food Beverage.**

And it goes farther than any other cocoa on the market to-day.

VI-COCOA, remember!

MADE IN DELECTALAND.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.,
DELECTALAND. WATFORD.



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"The Strength of the Ox."

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Try it to-day for all the family's dinner. Use it not only in soups, but in rissoles, fritters, "cutlets," etc. Take it instead of afternoon tea, too. For Household use and for Restaurants, Communal Kitchens, Canteens, etc., we strongly recommend the 1-lb. tins, which are particularly economical, containing **6 times the tubes' contents.**

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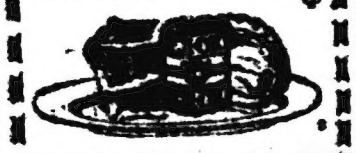

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NOTE.—If the Subject desired is not in the above List write it here:—

.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

This famous Chef would work miracles in your kitchen

M. AMBLARD.
Chef de Cuisine,
Great Central Hotel,
N.W.

M. Amblard writes:

"I rely very greatly upon the use of Goodall's Egg Powder for my cakes, pastries and puddings.

I have been strongly impressed with its all-round excellence and its actual goodness in the place of eggs—a fact which I know was borne out by the analysis in the "Times" Food Supplement.

Goodall's Egg Powder is always ready for service, is quite easy to use, and goes so much further than eggs that I do not wonder at the great demand there is for it. It quite covers the purpose of eggs at a nominal cost, and thus permits anyone to make attractive, nourishing and digestible pastry. I have to thank you for one of the best assistants a chef could desire.

(Signed),
M. AMBLARD,
Chef de Cuisine, Great Central Hotel, London, N.W.

BUT before he began his wonderful work he would insist on having close at hand what he calls "one of the best assistants a chef could desire."—Goodall's Egg Powder.

M. Amblard is one of nearly a score of the greatest chefs in Britain who have written recently to tell us how valuable they find Goodall's Egg Powder in their daily work. M. Stempfer, Chef to H.M. Queen Alexandra, refers to it as "the most efficient and valuable egg substitute I know"; whilst M. Andre Peythieu, the gifted Chef at the "Trocadero," considers it "quite the best at the public service."

After such testimony as this, can you doubt that in

Goodall's Egg Powder

there exists one of the best war-time kitchen helps you can desire? It will save you three-fourths of the cost of eggs, yet give you (even with the present flour), cakes of the most perfect quality and richness and flavour.

1½d. packets; **8**d. and **1/4**d. tins.

NOT every grocer has it yet, but it is worth a little trouble to secure. Stocked by Harrods, Barkers, Selfridges, Whiteleys, and most of the best London and provincial grocers and Stores. Write us if you have any difficulty in obtaining.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 644. Week ending Saturday, October 5th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Prime Minister.
We are sorry to say that private reports of the health of Mr. Lloyd George are not too reassuring. He must be careful.

The General Election.
And when people speculate upon the probability of an early Election, that "personal equation"—the Premier's health—must not be overlooked. Man proposes, etc.!

Such is Fame!
Did you notice how most of the papers relegated Mr. Asquith and his Manchester speech to remote corners in their columns?

These Enemy Princes.
Now that Parliament is about to reassemble, we assume that the Privy Council is making arrangements to deal with these "British" peers.

Hun Prisoners.
Our last week's disclosures have caused a veritable commotion in the official dovecots, and various Camp Commandants have been having a bad time. But there is much more to come.

"If You See It——"!
It is now announced that "there is no objection" on the part of the authorities to mentioning the name of Lt. Cadbury in connection with the bringing down of that Zeppelin in the North Sea. It was because *we* saw "no-objection" that we mentioned it at the time.

Meaningless Mystery.
In the same way, why all this mystery about the name of that brave young Corporal Hunter, who, with his six comrades, held the fort so gallantly at Moeuvres?

Stand Down!
The *New Witness* complains that the Press generally have ignored its very striking revelations concerning one of Sir Alfred Mond's Companies and its relations with the enemy; whilst on another page it cribs wholesale from us, without acknowledgment, our disclosures respecting Mr. Leverton Harris.

Strong Action at Last!
Don't run away with the notion that the Government isn't rounding up the aliens in the various Public Departments. Listen to this: "It is *requested* that anyone employed on the staff of the Ministry of Shipping who is not the child of natural-born subjects of this country, should disclose the facts for consideration of the Head of the Department." So there!

The Submarine Menace.
Once more we ask, why not place a number of interned Germans on every merchant ship?

A Job for Conchies.
Make them Stretcher Bearers, thus affording them an opportunity of putting their humanitarian principles to good use.

Lord Reading.
Our inquisitive contemporary, the *London Mail*, "wants to know" whether Lord Reading is contemplating retirement from the Bench, and whether "F. E." is already wondering how *he* will look in the robes. The answer to both questions is in the—probable.

Warning to Pacifists.
We beg to direct the attention of those M.P.s and others who are flirting with the German Socialists on the subject of Peace Terms that they are committing a grave offence against the Defence of the Realm Act. Will Mr. Henderson kindly note?

More Fooling.
An officer writes us that, being ordered by his doctor to get a bottle of a well-known chlorodyne mixture, the chemist refused to supply him, "as he was in uniform," but he got over the difficulty—by sending in an urchin, who was at once served!

A "Competent" Authority.
A reader tells us that he recently tried to purchase a toy airgun for his little son, but was told that he must first obtain a Permit from a "Competent Military Authority." Needless to say, his retort was "Do you know where I can find one?" You see, he was not in France.

Niggardly "Economy."
A Commandant of Prisoners of War Camps in the Home Counties—four in number, to be exact, spread over an area of 20 to 30 miles—is not provided by the War Office with any means of conveyance, nor are the camps on the telephone. It is difficult to see how he can adequately discharge his duties.

Birds of a Feather.
In looking over the list of M.P.s who voted against the Charity Lotteries Bill—77 in number—we were not surprised to find that 40 of them were amongst those who opposed Compulsory Military Service; and that over 30 were members of the deputation which waited upon Mr. Asquith just before the war and pleaded for a smaller Navy!

At Last!
All honour to Mr Asquith for his tribute to Sir Douglas Haig—whose wonderful achievements were overlooked by the Premier.

The Madsen Gun.
How are the Army Authorities getting on with this gun—which, surely, has many advantages over some of those now in use?

Our Peace Campaign.
As intimated in our principal article this week, we are about to undertake a campaign with a view to obtaining a mandate from the People to the Politicians, on the Terms of Peace.

To Shooting Men.
Will any of our sporting readers, when disposing of their "bags" during the shooting season, kindly bear the wounded Tommies in mind? We shall be happy to act as their almoner.

Young Cornwell's Mother—
Sends her grateful thanks for the further £5 sent, through us, from the "Sons of England 'Boy Cornwell Lodge,' No. 354, Keetmansdorp, South Africa"—and tells us she has just been granted a pension of 6s. 6d a week. Good!

China.
We are warned to "watch" Governor Chany Tsoi Lin, candidate for the Vice-Presidency of China. He is said to be "totally uneducated and first armed (whatever that means) by the Germans." At any rate, we'll watch.

London's Morals.
Whilst indisposed to say a word of disrespect towards any of our American friends, we do protest against Mr. Bok's wholesale aspersions upon London's morals. We will back them against those of any city in the world—New York not excepted.

War and Religion.
We have repeatedly advocated the fusion of religious bodies in these days; and now we find Mr Sydney Walton, Secretary to the Food Controller, supporting us—but on the materialistic ground of the saving of light and fuel! Now, if *we* had said that!

Sinn Fein and Parliament.
Apropos of the threat of these people that when they have captured Nationalist seats they won't come near Westminster, what about a short Act declaring vacant all seats not taken by the elected members within fourteen days from the declaration of the poll?

"In Christ's Name."

Under this heading, the Fellowship of Reconciliation publish an advertisement in the *Birmingham Gazette*, asserting that "the Austrian Note offers the opportunity of an unofficial discussion by belligerents and the possibility of a Righteous Peace." Is the *Birmingham Gazette* so hard up for revenue that it must insert an appeal, by a League of Lunatics, for "a righteous peace" with the Devil unchained?

Deputy-Coroner as Advocate.

It is rather curious that at an inquest at Salford, on the child of middle-class people admitted into hospital in a filthy and verminous condition, Mr. Howard Flint appeared as representative of the parents. Now Mr. Flint, (no relation to John of that ilk) is a solicitor, and acts as Deputy-Coroner, and is also Clerk of the Court. Salford *is* a queer place.

The Awkward Age.

A lad's story: "I have tried for work everywhere, only to meet with the reply that, as I am turned 17, I am no use, as the Army will claim me when I am 18." From our post-bag, we know there are great numbers of boys in that hard position, even casual or temporary work being denied them. One remedy would be to allow an out-of-work to join the Army earlier, and so start his training the sooner.

On and Off.

"Have you noticed," writes an R.A.M.C. man—a former tram conductor—"how the Birmingham Tramways Committee have already taken off the 2s. 6d. allowance paid by them to soldiers' wives, so that the soldier's pay and separation allowance shall not be a penny more than the pre-war wages of their husbands in the service?" It is dirty work of this kind which makes the soldier at the Front so angry with things at home.

Price of Babies.

Everything, it seems, has gone up. A Hopkinstoun mother tells us that the maternity fee for introducing a baby to town was 10s. 6d. at the beginning of the war, 15s. 6d. shortly afterwards, a few months later £1 1s., and now it is 25s. "With the present price of everything, what chance has a soldier's wife to put aside for the future to pay the nurse 25s., a doctor if necessary, and also a girl for attendance—which to-day we cannot have under 30s., and also her keep in food?" Quite so. The baby business seems expensive, whichever way you look at it. Our own idea is that if the country wants babies, it ought at least to pay their entrance fees.

A Farmer's Growl.

A growl reaches us from a Kentish farmer. The Food Controller, he says, has promised a better quality of meat; but our correspondent has his doots. "We are prohibited," says he, "from using any head corn of the wheat, rye or barley types, and have to take samples of our corn to market and have them passed, or otherwise, by an Inspector who knows as much about it as the corn knows about him. Suppose he orders it to be sold; the miller or merchant buys it at £14 to £14 10s. a ton, converts it into pig and poultry meal, offers it again at £18 10s. to £21 a ton, and we have either to buy our own produce back at that price or not feed anything." Dear, dear, how we do go round and round the mulberry bush in the same old mildewed way!

Certainly Not.

Girls at Hayes work 10½ hours a day, and sometimes an extra hour, with only one stop. This means 6½ hours without food or drink. They are out in all weathers, lifting shells on to, or off, trollies. Should a girl, at a moment when her hands are empty, sit on the trolley for an instant, she is reported and suspended for a day. Their question is, "Is this the way to treat us?" Our answer is a great, big, emphatic No!

London's Fasting Men.

Tram-drivers in London are candidates for indigestion. Often on the cars for long hours at a stretch, they may not leave for a quick meal, and can only munch a snatched sandwich between whiles. A man on a Sunday car, L.C.C., spends 7 hours and 40 minutes without a break, and many other shifts approach that as a test of stomachic endurance. Before the winter is upon us, such harsh conditions demand amelioration.

The Shame of It.

Edinburgh tells of a single man, 28, Grade I, no dependents, who continues to secure exemption because the war has helped him to build up a big business. He is in the drapery line, selling luxury goods to women, and pays Excess Profits Tax of £1,400. So he is permitted to stay at home and thrive, while old men and fathers put up their shutters and go. They, poor fellows, leave only small businesses, and are not piling up a war fortune.

R.I.C. Pensions.

The Royal Irish Constabulary, as a body of public servants, occupies one of the top places. Its pensioners, old fellows past work, are, like many other servants of the community, pleading hard for an increase of their pensions to allow them to live in some condition of decency. If it is really true that a retired constable, after long and arduous service, receives only £46 14s. 8d. a year, his need is strikingly apparent. The figures are infamously small.

Navy Pay.

An Engineer-Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, with eight years' seniority, expects to be raised to the rank of Commander in November, he says. With the increased rank he will receive about 1s. 6d. a day increased pay, but will lose 10s. a week in the allowance for two children, "so that, with increased responsibility, which to some extent means increased expenses," he will receive an extra sixpence a week, while uniform alterations will cost him about £20, "accurate figures within pence." If he spends that sixpence on riotous living, there may be trouble in the family.

Fleecing the Lambs.

How some of the barbers of London skin the goats and pluck the pigeons, and fleece the lambs is the burden of a story—an old one—of a R.N. man. He went into a shop at Waterloo, and had a shave. Then a barber, a foreigner, said, "Anything on your hair?" Answered in the affirmative, the barber rubbed some stuff on his customer's scalp—and passed him away with a bill for 2s. 3d. On another occasion, at the same shop, a mate of his was "charged 3s. 9d. for some rubbish, when all he really asked for was a shave." There are a lot of barbers of this kidney in London. The only protection against them is to demand to know the charge before the operation is performed.

The Holy City.

By *ukase* of the Provost Marshal, Tommies and officers when in uniform are prohibited from purchasing alcoholic drinks from a retail wine and spirit merchant in Bournemouth. They must fight in France, or Flanders, or Palestine, or Mesopotamia in uniform, but Heaven help them if they buy a drink in it in Bournemouth. Does the Regulation obtain elsewhere, or is it Bournemouth's patent?

Shirty.

If all their accounts are in proportion to the one before us, Dumbartonshire Laundry, Ltd., must be making a lot of people shirty. It reads, "2 shirts, 5d.; 9 collars, 9d.; 1 pr. cuffs, 1½d.; total, 1s. 3½d.; extra charge 8d., 1s. 11½d." The recipient's request to us is to state whether an 8d. tax on a 1s. 3½d. bill is an overcharge. It is not; it's a—but we never *can* find our dictionary.

Food from Canteens Only.

Women munitioners employed in Woolwich Arsenal and living in hostels are officially prohibited, so we are informed, from making their own purchases at the local shops. They must purchase all their food at the canteen. The grievance is that they do not get the food value of their coupons there. There is every prospect of trouble among the women of Woolwich if the compulsion of which they complain continues.

"Printed in Germany": Latest.

It is respectfully requested that the lady who visits the V.A.D. Hospital at Nunthorp Hall, York, to distribute coloured Scripture text-cards, will either stay away or change her publishers. It is not the text or the picture Tommy complains about, but "My Saviour Careth" as the title on the front of the card and "Printed in Germany" beneath a bunch of forget-me-nots on the back tend to make him sick. The publishers of the cards are Walter G. Wheeler and Co., 9 and 10, Redcross Street, E.C. Such are the profits of piety after four years of war.

Food for the Afflicted.

Is it true, as we are informed, that the inmates of the City of London Mental Hospital at Stone, near Dartford, are served with only one slice of bread and margarine for breakfast, with a very small piece of "corned beef stuff for dinner, with potatoes sometimes, not often—the meat, as they call it, so tainted they cannot possibly eat it; for tea same as breakfast, and those able to work are allowed a lunch of half a slice of dry bread"? Hardly a diet which will assist the cure of mental trouble. Even sane people may be excused for being rather mad about it.

W.R.A.F.s, Waits and Waiters.

In the light of what we have already said and what we are still hearing, we should say it is not worth while for girls to spend a lot of money learning motor-driving with the object of getting into the Women's Royal Air Force. A Romford girl writes that she also has been awaiting a "test" for months, with as yet nothing doing. This girl could not get the Women's Legion to give her a driving test under three months, "but a friend of mine, a staff officer's daughter," she says, "merely reported at the Headquarters and they took her into their training school at once." On this showing, it would appear that girls must have been very careful in the selection of their parents.

Burn More Coal!

The ways of Controllers are strange. The Vicar of Aylesbury tells of two schools; last year one school consumed 20 tons of coal, the other, 22 tons. The local Coal Controller has just apportioned 54 tons to the one, and 57 tons to the other. And the Vicar ruefully asks how he can preach economy!

All Jam—Perhaps.

Rationed jam is threatened. Meanwhile we have been invited to behold the spectacle of "three barrels of jam, each weighing about 3 cwt.," at a certain hostelry in the City, while "thousands of mothers who would like a pound or even half a pound of jam for their children cannot get it." If the quantity of jam on hand at this inn is equal to outward appearances, no wonder this reader asks why the grocers never have any. The answer would seem to be that they have jam, but out of pure delicacy of feeling do not exhibit it.

Spicers of Southwark.

We have pleasure in stating that our recent criticism of "Messrs. Spicer Brothers of Southwark," in regard to the treatment of their girl employees, had no reference to the firm carrying on business at 19, New Bridge Street, E.C. The offending employers should have been described as Messrs. Spicer and Son, of Sumner Street, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E. Now that the blame is placed on the right shoulders, we have not a word to retract, but we are sorry for the error made in connecting Messrs. Spicer Brothers with the matter.

Guides Wanted.

A few learned gentlemen might put in some useful war work by acting as volunteer guides at the small block of re-opened galleries at the British Museum. It is sad to see soldiers, wandering about, and not appreciating the wonders. Students with knowledge and the ability to talk about it have a pleasant opening.

Ramsay's Friends.

Herr Ramsay von Macdonaldstein is getting rather nervous, and has been loudly declaring that he did not, so help him never, use the words, "Our German friends." But he has not denied, and he cannot deny, having referred to the Huns as "Our German comrades." When he let fall that expression at a Conference, there was a "sensation." So he repeated it—to make sure. *Tommy* doesn't call them "comrades."

Haldane, Lansbury and Co.

Is the "Workers' Educational Association," North-Eastern District, a Pacifist organisation in *camouflage*, or what it pretends to be? We ask the question because the District Secretary, Mr. J. G. Trevena, is a Conscientious Objector who, after a certain disappearance, returned free from military service to resume his position; also because, for an alleged conference at Newcastle on "The Value and Need of Education," Mr. Trevena states in a circular that, "in order that the proper emphasis may be placed on this question, we have asked Viscount Haldane and Mr. Lansbury to state why they regard education as valuable and necessary." Seems a queer galley.

Aliens by the Sea.

Perhaps everything is so safe now on the Coast that vigilance may be relaxed. At one town the Post Office says registration forms are only to be filled up at boarding-houses. In others there seems no registration at all unless one stays at an hotel. And the happy aliens abound!

Beale's Bounce.

Beale is on the Bounce. Beale of 13, Crownhill Road, Harlesden. "Delicious Chocolate," he advertises in the *Gardener*, "for 1s. 9d. a pound. Send 2s. and try it." People send the 2s., and, their faith being whole, expect said delicious chocolate by return. But all Beale has to sell is this: "Recipe.—Procure ½ lb. cocoa, ½ lb. cocoa butter, 4 teaspoonfuls sweetened milk, 4 teaspoonfuls sugar," with the directions following. The *Gardener*, we think, should give Beale notice to quit.

Ghouls on the Make.

The Warwick Agency (Proprietors, Axford and Sons), 154, Walton Street, South Kensington, posters mourners with letters offering to buy the clothes of dead soldiers. It is a ghoulish and impertinent line of trade at all times, but these people pass every limit of common decency by clamouring for the clothing of a wounded officer and addressing their shameless epistle to "The Executors of the late Lieut. —— ——," giving the full name, with decorations, of the man who is fortunately alive. The letter was a serious shock to his widowed mother, and is simply disgraceful.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Are you aware that, in defiance of repeated Ministerial pledges, boys under the age of 19 years are still being sent into the firing line? At the time of the great Hun offensive in the spring it was understood that some deviation from the strict rule in these matters had become necessary; but that supreme peril is past. Yet still, apparently, these youngsters are being sent into the trenches. A point of Ministerial honour is involved. How does the case stand? JOHN BULL.

To F. Hargreaves, Esq., Poor Law Guardian, Blackburn.

DEAR SIR,—Bravo! Pity you had only nine to back you in your demand for cottage hospitals instead of the Workhouse Infirmary, at which there is a terribly high death rate. It matters nothing, seemingly, that poor people hate the name of the workhouse, and will only be taken to the Infirmary when they are helpless and nearly dead. Bumble has learnt nothing since the days of Dickens, and the only thing to do with him is to sweep him away. JOHN BULL.

To Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather, The Better 'Ole, France.

DEAR CAP.,—That there is a Better 'Ole somewhere about I know from the pictures, but for some reason or other the widow of old Bill doesn't seem to be in it. Rafferty was his name in the flesh—Pat Rafferty, the Birmingham tramways inspector. He was a soldier long before you, an artist, dug in with him. Though you have turned him dead and alive into a pictorial fortune, and play-producers and actor-managers and film-makers have made thousands of pounds out of his beloved memory, not one of the crowd seems ever to have given a thought or cared a damn for the poor struggling widow and child he left behind. As a slight token of gratitude to Old Bill, don't you think you ought to make arrangements among you to give her a handsome pension? JOHN BULL.

To the Controller, His Majesty's Stationery Office.

SIR,—I gather that the London Master Printers' Association are protesting against "the continued placing by H. M. Stationery Office of orders for Government work with printing firms controlled by persons of enemy origin." It is understood that a case in point is that of the naturalised Austrian firm of Weiner and Co., who are printing targets for the British Government. I have no hesitation in saying that this is a most deplorable state of affairs. Perhaps you will explain. JOHN BULL.

To the Secretary, Board of Inland Revenue, Somerset House.

DEAR SECRETARY,—The Chief Clerk of your office at Lincoln asked permission to enlist. Not receiving same, he, married and a father, joined without it. He is now back in "civvies," but not back in his berth, for you have not reinstated him. He is unable to secure another post because you retain his testimonials, and refuse to give them to him, though they are of no earthly use to you. This is to ask you not to hinder the prospects of a good man. Please hand him those papers. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Albert Stanley, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—I suggest that the time has come for a strong effort to eliminate undesirable aliens from the ranks of the British Merchant Service. The policy which in the past has permitted foreigners of all nationalities, even those with no more than a smattering of the English language, to sit for Board of Trade Certificates of any grade, and to hold positions of authority on British vessels, is one fraught with immense danger to the interests of the State. In the light of the war's lessons, such lackadaisical methods will no longer be tolerated. You cannot safely ignore the growing demand of our splendid seamen for an All-British Mercantile Marine. JOHN BULL.

To T. Harris, Esq., Secretary, Welsh National Federation of Discharged Sailors and Soldiers.

DEAR SIR,—I am entirely in accord with your protest against the exaction of "key money" from ingoing tenants, but there is one point which is apt to be overlooked. Any commission of this kind paid to a landlord is illegal and may be recovered in full by means of deduction from the rent. While recouping himself in this way for any payment demanded on entry, the tenant cannot be disturbed. The hint may be useful to your members. JOHN BULL.

To Alfred E. Payne, Esq., J.P., Pen-y-Nant Hall, Ruabon.

SIR,—According to the story you told at the Ruabon Police Court, a discharged soldier, formerly in your service, called at your house to talk over some question of wages, and in the course of conversation the man "insulted" you. Be this as it may, there was no excuse for your subsequent conduct. You first of all "took the man by the neck and pushed him out of the room," and afterwards "applied your foot to his back and used it to push him out." For this disgraceful assault on a man who has fought for his country you were fined 40s.—which was not half enough. A nice sort of Magistrate *you* are! JOHN BULL.

To J. H. Thomas, Esq., M.P., Secretary, National Union of Railwaymen.

DEAR MR. THOMAS,—You spoke to those railway Bolshevists and Hun-helpers at Cardiff in the right spirit and the right tone of voice. Such men—men to whom agreements arrived at by leaders they have themselves selected are without force or sanctity—do not deserve leaders, and they cannot affect to have ill-deserved your decision to resign from the stewardship of their interests. Their action is a traitorous outrage on the nation; equivalent to selling the passes. Those of its instigators who are not sent into the trenches ought to be put against a wall and shot. JOHN BULL

RIOT OF BLACKS IN BLUE.

DISGRACEFUL STORY AND DEMAND FOR PUBLIC INQUIRY.

WHILE the disgraceful and tragic story we have to tell involves the conduct of black soldiers, we hardly think it necessary to say that our coloured troops have done splendidly in the war, and that we have nothing but praise for their endurance and their bravery. But if there is one thing the coloured soldier needs it is firm discipline. And in our view, if that kind of strict but just supervision had been exercised in the Belmont Road Military Hospital in Liverpool, a disgraceful riot would have been avoided, and we should not now be deploring the death of one of the English nurses.

For a long while soldiers from the West Indies have been given far too much licence in Liverpool, and in other places where they are living as wounded convalescents. The native mind is prone to mistake good nature for weak nature, and above all to hold cheaply white women who are ready to make too free. Now it is quite evident, from the inquiries we have made on the spot, that the West Indians at the Belmont Road Hospital were allowed, even before this fatal riot, to get out of hand. They soon cultivated the habit of ignoring the rules and coming into the hospital late at night. Either the military police were not instructed to enforce discipline, or they did not bother about the breach of it. So arrogant did these blacks in blue become that even at the hospital concerts they so misbehaved that at last they were forbidden to attend. These spoiled darlings of certain Liverpool girls took this very badly, and out of their insubordination the fatal trouble arose. Recently, when a concert was taking place, some of the niggers returned late as usual, and for once were stopped by the military police. They tried to break past into the concert room, and a fight with the "red caps" resulted. The offenders were reinforced by fresh arrivals, and the police were speedily overpowered, helpless in face of numbers. Then began the introduction to the real tragedy. The nurses and soldiers in the concert room heard the noise, and the women came out to see what was happening. They were at once set upon by the blacks. But they were not left unprotected. The Tommies soon rushed to the rescue of those whom they had good reason to defend. Using their crutches and sticks as weapons, and syphons and mugs as missiles, the black men—now worked up to a pitch of excited fury—attacked both the soldiers and the nurses. Many of the young women fainted, and, let it be said to the shame of our coloured brothers, that even then they were kicked and belaboured. Tommy fared badly—at least for a time. Razors and nails were used by the niggers, and although Tommy did his best weaponless, the black man stands a lot of bruising, and it was not until someone had the sense to telephone to the police that the rioters met their match and were finally overpowered.

Now this is not a pretty story, and in any case it is of a character which requires a full inquiry. Of the brave women who were injured one died, and an inquest has been held, at which a verdict of "Death from Misadventure" was returned. But in view of the obvious attempt of someone in authority to prevent publicity in the Press, and because of the death of the unfortunate girl, Nurse McShane, we hold it to be necessary that the War Office should go very fully into the whole case, and particularly inquire as to the character of the discipline exercised at this hospital. And while investigation is being made, perhaps someone will be called upon to explain why white nurses should be required to attend these black soldiers. Are there no such persons as male orderlies? Actually, to attend these blacks, who had a ward to themselves, a white nurse was on night duty. Now, we are not anxious to make any reflections on black soldiers, but we say unhesitatingly that it is an entire mistake that white nurses should be forced to attend these convalescents. Further, the attempt to hush up the whole affair leaves an unpleasant impression, and we feel no doubt that, so far as the ordinary Press is concerned, the public would have been left wholly in the dark but for the necessity of holding an inquest on this unfortunate girl. It was stated in evidence that, while helping another girl who had fainted, Nurse McShane was caught in the rush, crushed against a door and knocked down. Further, that while she sustained no severe injuries, the shock received developed pneumonia. In four days she was dead. It is a pitiable and a discreditable story, and it is one, we repeat, which calls for further investigation. If those responsible for the discipline of the Belmont Road Hospital, where there are something like 2,000 inmates, cannot maintain order, then let them make way for those who can. And, above all, let there be an immediate change in a system which makes white nurses wait on these blacks in blue.

The whole administration of our military hospitals requires drastic overhauling. In some cases the Medical Superintendents have, from lack of military rank, no effective personal control over the men. With every sympathy for those "broke in our wars," it is necessary to emphasise to some of them that order is one of the first laws governing the recovery of health. However, there is undoubtedly a deeply-rooted feeling in the minds of many men that hospital officials sometimes either make money, or obtain kudos from the military authorities, by treating the wounded unfairly—and in the interest of everyone concerned, such disquieting allegations should at once be fully inquired into, and any grievance remedied.

AKED AND UNASHAMED.

DESERTER PLANNING TO RETURN.

Once more Dr. Aked blandly announces that he may return from America to the Free Church ministry in this country. He is not wanted, even by his old congregation at Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool. He flew signals of distress at the end of 1916, and we recorded on January 6th, 1917, that this "notorious British-American pro-German pastor" meditated a return to Liverpool. Charles Frederick Aked went as a Baptist to New York, became a Congregationalist in San Francisco, and now seeks to be an English Free Kirker. Before the States came "in" the war, certain persons there started the American Embargo Conference, its object being to stop war material being supplied to this country. The move was planned by von Bernstorff and financed by Dr. Albert, the notorious agent of the Kaiser. Into that devilish combination entered Dr. Aked, as Chairman of the Advisory Board. Our comment at the time (March 4th, 1916), was that "nobody hates his native land like a skunk who turns traitor to it." A man who could aid the Bernstorffs and the Alberts when they were at war against his own country is no fit person to occupy a British pulpit, whatever be the style of Church he temporarily woos for the sake of his own pocket. If Charles Frederick Aked be admitted back, we may next expect the return of the renegade Houston Chamberlain, for in their utterances and actions they are much on a par. Aked wilfully cut himself adrift from Britain, tried to curry favour in America by acting against us, has evidently "made a muck of it" over there, and now seeks to crawl back. He is not wanted, and we will not have him.

BUILDING A BAKERY.

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY AND COTTAGE TENANTS.

The Chepstow Co-operative Society are building a grand new Model Bakery at a heavy price. The scheme is costing more than money. It entails the demolition of four cottages recently purchased by the Society, and the summary eviction of the helpless tenants, who can find no other accommodation in Chepstow. Of course, the Society are very sorry. Their sole concern, as their solicitor explained to the Magistrates, is to increase the available food supply. Incidentally, of course, when their new bakery is built, they may make larger profits, with bigger "divvies." A private tradesman, perhaps, dead to life's nobler issues, might allow such consideration to weigh against the distress and suffering of the evicted tenants, but not a Society whose trade-mark displays the clasped hands of brotherhood. That the Chepstow Justices appreciate to the full the high motives of the Co-operative Society is evident from the fact that they have readily granted ejectment warrants against the tenants—even refusing an extension of time—in the belief, as they say, that "the advantages of the improvement outweigh the disadvantages." Perhaps if *their* tenancies were to be terminated, *their* families to be turned into the street, *their* household furniture to be flung out on to the pavement, the worthy Justices might change their tune. Most clouds, of course, have silver linings, and we understand that, when the "improvement" is carried through, the Chepstow Urban District Council, who have passed the plans, are to receive a nice little present from the Co-operative Society in the shape of a strip of land to be thrown into the adjacent thoroughfare.

ENEMY PROFITS.

AMAZING STATEMENT BY OFFICIAL CUSTODIAN.

It is clear that the Government have still an open mind on some outstanding aspects of our struggle with the Huns. Take the question of enemy trading. A large London firm lately received an order from an Irish concern of enemy antecedents, and with a view to safeguarding their position they at once referred the matter to the Custodian of Enemy Interests in Ireland, Mr. A. G. Hollinshead. "We hesitate to execute this order," they explained, "chiefly because we have a distinct objection to supplying goods to enemy aliens, even although the business is being carried on for them while they are interned or otherwise absent. Of course, if these goods are required to carry on a business sufficiently to enable debts to be paid to our own people, we have no objection to supplying the goods with your consent." This was clearly a sound position, and the Custodian, it may be thought, should have had no difficulty in dealing with the points raised. As a matter of fact, however, his rejoinder was a bland confession of ignorance as to the purposes of his official existence. Regarding the particular order which was the subject of inquiry he would communicate with his representative on the spot, but on the general question he had not a shred of information to impart. "I am carrying on the business as Custodian for Ireland," he wrote, "but at the present time I am unable to say what the ultimate result will be or for whose benefit the trading is being carried on, *as the Government has not yet come to a decision on these points.*" Unsatisfactory as it is, this statement bears the stamp of truth, but in this matter, as in so many others, public opinion is far in advance of the Government position.

THEIR LAST RESOURCE.

The Kaiser: "Well, what *can* we do now?"
Turkey and Bulgaria: "Let's write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SUMMARY JUSTICE FOR GERMANS.

HOW THEY DO IT ON THE CORNISH COAST.

Newquay, for the moment, has been cleansed of the German taint, but the Newquay people want to be sure it will remain so. And we want to be sure of a similar happy state of things on our coast, from Land's End to John o' Groats. It is a plain, present, deadly peril. And the bodies of dead and mutilated seamen thrown upon the sands of Newquay are the evidence of it. It is a peril that has a peculiarly terrible local meaning, for ships are conveyed to Penzance, and then (God knows why!) left to their own devices. It is somewhere off that coast that the U-boat has been reaping a harvest. The torpedoing of ships off Newquay began last May, the rate mounting from one or two a week, until on the morning of Tuesday, September 3rd, survivors from two ships and five empty boats belonging to other vessels were brought into Newquay Harbour. And all the while secret signals had been flashing out to the invisible enemy at sea.

The fishermen traced the signals to a house where Germans lodged. They had already written most politely to the War Office begging the removal of enemies from the coast. No more notice was taken than of the strong comments made by the Coroner some months before and forwarded to the proper authorities in London. Plainly nothing would be done. The Huns sat tight in first-rate signalling positions, and out there the ships were torpedoed and British men, women and children were done to death. So Newquay took the matter into its own hands, violently assailed a house where Germans were lodging, and succeeded in driving the Huns bag and baggage out of the town. *They must not return.* Nay, more, they must be cleared out of every inch of our seaside counties. Some of them may be innocent. But it is a wicked gamble with the lives of those more innocent to take the risk. Reasonable men will think it simpler to intern all enemy aliens, *whatever their bona-fides*, and have done with it. But that might offend some of the friends of the Authorities!

ANOTHER HOSPITAL SCANDAL.

OUR WOUNDED EVICTED FOR GERMAN JEZEBELS.

Acute resentment was recently aroused by the action of the authorities at Netley Hospital in displacing a number of British soldier patients to make room for wounded German officers. Apparently, an even worse scandal has arisen in Egypt, where the commodious 71st General Hospital at Cairo, formerly the palatial Hotel Al Hayat, has been evacuated by British wounded to serve as a place of internment for German and Austrian women. It will surprise no one who knows the Egyptian capital to learn that the majority of these female Huns are of the undesirable class, and the action of the military authorities in housing these harpies at the luxurious Hotel Al Hayat, while bundling the British wounded off to the 17th Indian Hospital at Albassia, formerly a cavalry barracks, transgresses the bounds of decency. It is understood that this extraordinary arrangement was carried out in direct opposition to the wishes of the medical staff. The Hotel Al Hayat, specially equipped for the treatment of rheumatism and other ailments of the limbs and joints, and with every facility for massage, electrical treatment, and X-ray examinations, was admirably suited to the purposes of a military hospital, while the converted cavalry barracks at Albassia, far less adapted to hospital use, might have served as a place of internment.

One correspondent with a thorough knowledge of local conditions, states that the Albassia district is exceptionally unhealthy for Europeans, and that to remove patients from their wholesome surroundings at Cairo to this far less salubrious neighbourhood is seriously to imperil their chances of recovery. Be this as it may, it is evident that the authorities, for some obscure reason, have once again preferred the interests of enemy subjects to those of our own gallant defenders, a course which is certain to arouse acute indignation. Is it true, by the way, that a number of V.A.D. nurses have been compelled to remain at the Hotel Al Hayat and forced into association with enemy women of the lowest class?

FARTHINGSWORTHS OF ROBBERY.

A COOL SWINDLE OFFICIALLY SANCTIONED.

Grocers and provision merchants have developed a habit of ignoring farthings; they charge a halfpenny instead. The theft is condoned by the Food Controller; this we have on the authority of the Divisional Food Commissioner, Home Counties Division, 5, Portman Square, London. He writes: "The practice as to making up the charge for a broken halfpenny is in accordance with the Regulations . . . . and Messrs. —— are quite within their rights. . . . There is something to be said for the tradesman from the other point of view, as the weighing and packing of small parcels involves as much time and trouble as of larger." The absurdity of that doctrine lies in the fact that, if the trouble is only the same, there can be no excuse for charging more for it. The truth remains, however, that there is no excuse of any kind for a practice so nefarious. There are plenty of farthings procurable.

PRICE AND THE PORKER.

LETTING IN LIGHT ON THE PROFITEER

There are pigs we know and pigs we don't; this is about one we know. In the days when the whole country began clamouring for pig, a man and his wife at Steyning joined the local Pig Club, "bought two young ones," and got along with the business. A week or two ago one of the pigs seemed rather good to eat. Her husband being away, the wife called in a butcher of the town. The butcher guessed the pig would go 12 to 13 "stun," and offered to buy it at 11s. a stone, which worked out at 9d. a pound. The woman refused the price, the butcher departed, and the pig went to market. The butcher followed. Here he was "surprised" at the weight, which turned the scale at 14 stone 7 pounds. "I am very glad you sent the pig to market," said he complacently, "as if you had let me have it I should have paid you something over £8 for it, whereas I got it for just over £7." A day or two afterwards, the seller had a yearning for a bit of her own pig. She went to the butcher to whom she had sold it at 9d. a lb. to take home a joint for dinner. "One-and-tenpence a pound," said the butcher; and she paid it. Who said "profiteering"? Hush!

A MARITIME TRAGEDY.

"JOHN BULL" ARTICLE PROMPTS NAVAL INQUIRY.

Under the heading "A Preventable Tragedy," we lately discussed a sad airship fatality which had occurred off the Scottish coast, within sight of the National Lifeboat Station at Skateraw. On the morning of the tragedy a serious misunderstanding occurred between those responsible. "There was a conflict of evidence," the Report of the Inquiry now states, "between the Coxswain of the Skateraw Lifeboat and the Station Officer and Watchman at Dunbar. The former was positive that he telephoned at 3.50 to Dunbar a definite request that a crew for the lifeboat be sent from Dunbar. . . . . The two last-named are equally positive that no message from Skateraw was received before 4.10, and the Station Officer asserts strongly that when the message was received, it was of a consultative nature inquiring whether the lifeboat should be launched or not, and, in view of the action already taken, he replied that it was not necessary." On these facts we are invited by the National Lifeboat Institution to withdraw our suggestion that the "resident coxswain was culpable," but as a matter of fact, our earlier comment carried no such imputation. We remain of opinion, however, that there was a serious hitch in the communications between Skateraw and Dunbar—and the Report of the Inquiry affords a good deal less than complete justification for the failure of the Skateraw lifeboat to put to sea.

THE KAISER CAVI

The Lessons of the War—Britain for the British—T

By T... EDITOR.

So the ex-Prime Minister has made *his* speech—and it leaves me quite cold. His "attitude" towards the war has, with certain exceptions, always been correct, and his Manchester views are very much like those he expressed at Bristol and Edinburgh. But when he talks politics I find that, like the Bourbons, he has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. For instance, after all that has been revealed to us, he is still the old "Free Trader." Of course, he hedges—as is the way of the politician. He is against tariffs, but he doesn't mind—in certain exceptional cases—State subsidies. Well, that is something, but it is a process of economic reasoning that does not appeal to me. If I know anything of my countrymen, we have not fought this war, and nearly won it, in order to begin all over again our quibbles and our shibboleth worship at the respective shrines of "Free Trade" and "Tariff Reform." Those phrases stink in the nostrils of sensible men.

The War's First Lesson.

If there is one lesson we have learnt, or should have learnt, it is that the Hohenzollerns and all their bestial crew tried to ruin us before fighting us. They have again and again boasted that before the war they were effectively crippling our commerce and grabbing our trade; and it was only territorial greed which induced them to strike the blow on the field of battle, before they had won their triumph in the economic war. Thank God, in their impatience they showed their hand too soon. Those of us who had gone about the country with warning cries were denounced and derided. They who to-day claim to be the nation's counsellors were ready to stigmatise as an enemy to his country everyone who refused to bow the knee to Berlin, and to acclaim the Kaiser as the arch-apostle of peace. Sometimes I am inclined to use the pages of this journal for no other purpose than to print the utterances of the politicians who laughed at danger. When I read their past speeches and see their impudent attempts to-day to guide and instruct the people, I marvel at the short memory of the public. But, at the same time, nothing will convince me that we shall ever again tolerate the parrot cries of pre-war days. Business Government, as properly understood, will be the new policy of the nation. That, indeed, is the first lesson of the war. This much should be said for Mr. Asquith—he was not among those who blatantly proclaimed their disbelief in the inevitable war. But in the matter of German "penetration" he was one of the blind leaders of the blind. Like Mr. Lloyd George and his brave British henchman, Sir Alfred Mond—the alkali monopolist—he was an eloquent exponent of the merits of our old fiscal system; but whilst the Prime Minister has "come on," we find his predecessor unmoved by the logic of events, untouched by the lessons of the obvious, still ready to plead with all the arts of the practised advocate for the maintenance of that system which very nearly ended in our national ruin. I care nothing for theories; I have always entertained supreme contempt for copy-book maxims—which are for children. I try to judge everything by the stern logic of the realities; and to-day I find that we are once more confronted with the old, crude, absurd theories which men like Cobden and Bright—being, as they were, true patriots—would have thrown to the winds to-day. And if Mr. Asquith and his "Liberal Federation" do not yet realise the truth, they will find themselves left behind in the hour of national reconstruction. Remember that whilst Germany was endeavouring to kill us economically, prior to crushing us by the might of her military power, it was this Liberal Federation which, through its president, Sir John Brunner—Sir Alfred Mond's partner—not many months before the war, tried to force upon us a reduction of the Navy! Just as, obsessed with the same ideas, it was Mr. Lloyd George himself who, on New Year's Day, 1914, actually proclaimed to the world that never had there been a more propitious moment for a reduction in our armaments! But now we know.

Britain for the British.

Now, I am certainly not going to blame the gallant little Welshman and his friends for having made mistakes which might have ended in Imperial ruin. They simply didn't understand. But I am going to suggest that just as they were wrong—hopelessly, terribly wrong—in 1914, so Mr. Asquith, once the exponent of the best political thought in Britain, is to-day pointing the way to disaster. We have to realise this fact: that the war has upset all our theories and beliefs; that the German menace, for the time transferred to the arena of war, will in due course return to the fields of trade and commerce. We allowed the Hun to steal our trade and creep into our markets. We bought his goods, and with the money he built his Navy and equipped his Army so that when ready he might fall upon us and slay us. But Foch and Haig and Pershing, and the glorious array of British battleships, have foiled his fell design. Still, the purpose and intent were there. Only by the blood of brave men and the combined might of the Allies have we stemmed the tide of his arrogant aggression. And when I read the ex-Premier's fatuous declaration of faith in "Free Trade," which made all these horrors possible, I despair of the sanity of our so-called statesmen. We will have no more "Free Trade" after the war, if "Free Trade" means freedom for the Hun to invade our markets, undersell the products of our industries, dump down upon us his surplus goods—and keep our workmen poor. What is more, I warn the Politicians who still have the temerity to wave the discredited old Party banners that their doom is certain. "Britain for the British" is the cry of the man who has fought that we may live; and the returned soldier, full of scars as of honour, will not stand idly by and see the errors of the past repeated.

The Lloyd George Film.

Take this much-advertised film of the life of the Prime Minister. It is being produced by the Ideal Film Renting Company—against which, as a trading concern, I have nothing to say; I believe it enjoys a first-class reputation. But what is the composition of the Company? I have before me the latest Return filed with the Joint Stock Registry, and this is how the Board is described:—

Name.	Former Name.	Occupation.
Harry Rowson ..	Harry Rosenbaum ..	Director
Simon Rowson ..	Simon Rosenbaum ..	Statistician
Sara Wilmot ..	Sara Wohlgemuth ..	Widow
Simon Gilbert ..	Simon Gelberg ..	Journalist
A. M. Kay ..	A. M. Koppel ..	Secretary.

It is only right to say that they all declare themselves to be British. Then take the present list of shareholders; it is dated January 11th, 1918:—

H. Rowson (Rosenbaum)	1,950
Jane Burnstein	500
S. Gilbert (Gelberg)	515
A. Gardner	285
E. Rowson (Rosenbaum)	315
S. Wilmot (Wohlgemuth)	200
Hilda Jacobson	150
S. Rowson (Rosenbaum)	100
Jacob Wilmot (Wohlgemuth)	100
D. Rowson (Rosenbaum)	85
A. M. Kay (Koppel)	130
Rose Boodson	30
Nathan Boodson	20
Leslie Rowson	1

Here, again, it may be that each of these persons—despite the remarkable Teutonic flavour of their original patronymics—is a thoroughly loyal British subject, but the fact remains that, by some blood affinity, they were all drawn together into a trade organisation in competition with firms of a truer All-British ring. And the irony of it is that one of the Rosenbaums was for some time a leading light of the Tariff Reform League—you see, I am assuming for the moment that Mr. Lloyd George is still a Free Trader; he is, too, I believe, connected with the War Topical Budget, whilst either he, or his brother, has been given a commission in the Army! Well, I have no desire to labour this point; but I do say that the composition of the Company is an object lesson for the business community

HE KAISER CAVING IN.

the War—Britain for the British—The Prime Minister's Film.

By THE EDITOR.

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..	..	500
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..	..	285
..	..	315
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say that the composition
the business community
of the country. In the same way, I do not suggest that the Company is directly responsible for all the details incidental to the production of the film. Otherwise I should ask the Directors to explain the facts disclosed in a Statutory Declaration of one John Dwyer, of 40, Ravensbourne Road, Catford, now before me. Here it is:

> I, JOHN DWYER, of 40, Ravensbourne Road, Catford, do solemnly declare and say as follows:—
>
> I am and have been for some years an actor and have lately been employed as one of the "crowd" in one of the scenes of the proposed Life of Lloyd George film, viz., the scene inside the Town Hall, Birmingham. The film is being produced by the Ideal Film Company and I got the job in the following manner. When not otherwise engaged, I call at the office of the Elite Film Actors' Bureau—of whom I am informed a Mr. Warren is the manager—of Whitcombe Court, Leicester Square, and on this occasion I was taken on as before stated. There would seem to have been a crowd of about 450, including many men who took the part of soldiers and sailors. I noticed on this occasion, and have noticed on other occasions when I have taken part in a crowd of supernumeraries, that there were many foreigners of various sorts—mostly so-called Scandinavians—and I particularly noticed on this occasion a little clique of 5 or 6 men talking together previous to going into the studio where the scene was filmed. These were among those who were taking the part of soldiers and sailors and they wore various military and naval uniforms, and my attention was called, apart from the fact that they were talking in a foreign language, to the fact that one of them wore the uniform of my old regiment, the Royal West Kents.
>
> I questioned one of the men, and he admitted to my surprise that he was a German and I replied, "if I thought he meant it I would punch his head." The man thereupon retracted what he had said and declared he was a Dane.

Well, I know those Danes—and so do you. But I respectfully direct the attention of Messrs. Rowson to the matter. Meanwhile, I must assume that Britishers were not available—discharged soldiers, for instance. It is all very puzzling.

Thick-Skinned Ministers.

Then, too, I have been reading some remarkable allegations against one of Sir Alfred Mond's Companies—of having been guilty of a gross infringement of the Trading with the Enemy Act. But, so far, like Mr. Leverton Harris (who *was* to have had a peerage), this Minister of the Crown is silent. I have been very definite in my allegations against the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Blockade. It is by no means a small thing to suggest that a Minister of the Crown has used his official position for personal profit. Moreover, I have challenged the firm of which Mr. Harris was, until quite recently, the largest shareholder, to produce its books. Why has the right hon. gentleman made no attempt to answer the allegations, and why have Harris and Dixon, Ltd., made no reply to my challenge? And now we have this other Minister, the First Commissioner of Works, publicly accused of offending against the law—of doing things which impugn his position as a member of His Majesty's Government. This is the charge, as set forth in the *New Witness*; there is nothing vague about it: Sir Alfred Mond is Chairman of the Mond Nickel Company, and he and they are accused, in connection with the process of re-construction, of allotting shares to Germans after the declaration of war, and subsequent to the issue on September 9th, 1914, of a Trading with the Enemy Proclamation which warned every subject of the King against entering into "any transaction or completing any transaction already entered into with an enemy in any stocks, shares or securities." Whoever did so was deemed guilty of a crime and liable to punishment and penalties accordingly. The contention of our contemporary is that Sir Alfred Mond has been guilty of a grave offence; it makes very specific allegations; it calls upon the Public Prosecutor to act. What is done? Whitehall does not move. Sir Alfred Mond does not reply. Perhaps, when Parliament re-assembles, Mr. Bonar Law will get up in the Commons and assure us that *he* would have acted "in precisely the same way"! What a game it is! Each of these members of the Government has been charged with the gravest offences—and each of them sits silently under the charges. In the old days, Britain's Prime Minister would have called upon his colleagues to clear their honour—but, you must understand, an election is in the air, and rich supporters must not be lightly thrown aside. *Nous olet*—"it does not smell"—is the Politician's motto where Party funds are concerned. "It is not in the public interest" that they should take any notice of allegations which, once established, would tend to deplete the coffers. "Bring your money—and no questions asked," is the order of the day.

The Kaiser Caving In.

But now let me turn to a much more congenial aspect of the situation. Following upon Austria's feeble effort for peace, comes Bulgaria's request for an armistice—whilst who shall say how long we may have to wait before the deluded Sultan also throws up the sponge? These things, however, are but pointers, preparing us for something very much bigger—and something which I have sound reason for believing is not outside the sphere of probability. I do not know whether many of my readers see the German, Swiss and Dutch papers. The extracts from them which are from time to time published in our own Press are very incomplete, and frequently badly translated. It is no exaggeration to say that to-day a deep gloom has settled over Berlin—Vienna, we know, has "got it badly." And with the fall of Cambrai imminent, with Metz to follow, and the fulfilment of Foch's promise that during the present offensive he will go "straight to the Rhine"—to say nothing of the havoc being wrought by the Allied air services—the Kaiser is undoubtedly in for a rough time with his own people. He cannot pretend that a wholesale retreat of his army back into Germany, accompanied by the daily and nightly bombardment from the skies of the principal Rhine towns, is "all according to plan"; and I venture to predict that when Metz falls to the glorious American army, and the Allied forces for the first time put their feet on enemy territory, a cold shudder will go down the back of the All-Damnedest—who will have to acknowledge what he already realises, that the game is up. *And then he, too, will cave in.* Of course, the surrender will be camouflaged in every possible way. First of all, we shall have the Pope once more on the scene, pleading for the cessation of hostilities in the name of Humanity. And then, through various circuitous channels, the compassion of President Wilson will be beseeched. Contemporaneously with these machinations, subterranean efforts will be made to effect a separate peace, first with Italy and then with France. But all to no avail. And finally will come the appeal to Britain direct to cease hostilities pending the discussion of peace. From one point of view, all this is very encouraging—for it means that the war is won. There is, however, a terrible and sinister aspect, for the Politicians will then come in, and Heaven alone knows what mischief they may contrive!

Get Ready the Peace Terms.

I hold, therefore, it is high time that the people themselves began to take in hand the question of peace; and unless any untoward incident should occur in the war—which is now unlikely—I think that, in the proud *rôle* of Tribune of the People, I had better from this time forward concentrate attention upon this matter. Next week, therefore, I shall ask you to consider with me what should be the Allies' minimum Terms; and when we have agreed upon them, every Member of Parliament and of the Government, and every candidate at the next election, must be bombarded with the mandate. Personally, I see no need whatever—at any rate, at present—to talk about a Peace Conference. Apart from the fact that we should dictate, and not discuss, our terms, I should be extremely apprehensive of the politicians who would go to such a conference as our delegates. The only conference needed is one between the Allies, and before that takes place, each of them should be fortified with the knowledge of the irreducible minimum which will satisfy its People. But there is no time to be lost—the Kaiser is caving in! We must get ready with *real* peace terms.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. BOK.

Come right in, sir. . . . Yes, this is a tonsorial artist's parlour, as you calls it. Otherwise a shavin' and 'air-cuttin' saloon. Wot can I do for you? . . . *Jest a trim round?* Right-o. This chair, if you please. From the other side, ain't you, sir? . . . Ah, I thought so. Doin' pritty well between us jest now, ain't we, sir? I kin see a long an' close friendship between Britain an' the States arter this stunt. Nothink like a good scrap, shoulder to shoulder, to make pals, spesh'lly w'en the enemy is a filthy 'ound wot sticks at nothin'. Oh, us an' the Yanks will 'it it orl right after the wore, so long as a lot o' mischief-makers don't try to stir up mud between us. One or two o' them 'ave started their games already, I see. There's a Mr. Bok, editor of a Yankee women's paper, the Philadelphia *Ladies' 'Ome Journal*, bin writin' a tearful letter to the *Times*, tryin' to make out thet the streets o' London ain't safe for pore, simple, easy-led American troops to walk in, because the wimmin an' gals are a bit too free in 'andin' out the glad optic. Funny thing is, this uncommon good editor ses at the same time thet the objeck of 'is visit is to cement in every possible way the good relations at present existin' between Great Britain and the United States, and yet one o' the first things 'e does is to publish a letter calculated to scare American wives, sisters an' mothers to death at the thought o' their men bein' subjected to frightful tem'tations in the streets o' London. An American soljer wot means to keep 'isself straight can do so as easy in London as wot 'e can in any American city. Shorely the average American soljer ain't so green as to think that every woman in London wot looks at 'im with 'admiration and approval is given' 'im a sly invitation to an orgie o' vice? Bah! It seems ter me thet it is only a narsty mind wot sees so much sin knockin' around. If American cities was as pure an' undefiled as the streets o' the Noo Jerusalem I might understand it. But they ain't. Not by a long chalk. We 'aven't 'ad to impose sich restrictions in our cities and round our camps in England as wot they 'ave in America, for the simple reason that there ain't so much need. We 'aven't got no "red light" districts in our towns like wot you 'ave in the States. I was glad to read the reply of the editor of the Minneapolis *Bellman* to Mr. Bok's 'olesale charges. 'E made perticler small mincemeat of 'em, and 'inted thet Mr. Bok's own city, Philadelphia, wasn't altogether a young gals' Sunday school in the matter o' morals. . . . Eh? *Wot you wrote about you see with yore own eyes?* W'y, you ain't Mr. Bok, shore-ly? Well, I never! I'm glad you dropped in. It's give me a charnce to put you wise, as yore compatriots say. You've bin in London a few weeks. You've seen things to make the American mother shudder for 'er boy in khaki. Mr. Edgar, o' the Minneapolis *Bellman*, 'as bin 'ere some months, and 'e ses London ain't so bad as yore own city, Philadelphia. *I've* bin in London orl me life, an' know it from A to Z, day an' night. An' I kin tell you this—if a young chap wants to make a fool of 'isself 'ere, 'e can. If 'e don't, 'e needn't. An' the same thing applies to pritty nearly every city under the sun. Think thet over, me friend, an' don't abuse British 'ospitality by unjustly 'oldin' up London to the scorn and 'orror of American wives an' mothers. . . . I think thet'll do you, sir. . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."

"West London Observer":—
"They are going to increase the price of milk to 10d. a gallon. I think that is too much."

"People's Journal":—
"The German guns in the region behind the village were silent, and the machine guns in the village itself were even more silent."

"Beds and Herts Saturday Telegraph":—
"One of the members of the Christadelphian sect asked if the work he was not doing might be regarded as of national importance?"

"Worcester Daily Times":—
"It was resolved that the lamps which for a time had remained unlighted should not be lit, but should be put out at 11 p.m."

"Weekly Telegraph Novels":—
"Her words seem to drop upon his heart like stones of lead."

"Belfast Telegraph":—
"If they at home added to their trials by failing to send them parcels to keep them alive they would not be able to look them in the face when they came home."

"Church Times" (advertisement):—
"An old smoke-dried Church holding 1,200 people sadly in need of cleaning and repair—and a burst boiler in the heating apparatus."

"Magellan Times" (advertisement):—
"Those who like good bread, equal to home-made, ask for it to be delivered at once by telephone no. 402."

"Lloyd's Home Novels":—
"'You cannot shut your eyes to her cry,' Michelle said."

There is an ample supply of MILTON. Your Chemist, your Grocer or Ironmonger can obtain it. If he says he cannot obtain it tell him our address and we will see that he is promptly supplied.

What MILTON is and what it does.

Milton is new. You have nothing to-day with which to compare it. It is not a "cure-all," yet in one bottle of Milton you obtain an article which will perform more than 50 every-day services—services for which you to-day buy a dozen or more different preparations.

Milton does everyone of these thoroughly, reliably, quickly.

To be able to perform so many widely varying services, Milton must, of course, be a powerful fluid. It is powerful. But (and this is perhaps its most astonishing feature) it is absolutely harmless, perfectly safe. It can be used freely, or the bottle may be left standing about without the least anxiety. For Milton, although it is so powerful and effective, is non-poisonous; it will not burn or stain the hands or skin; it will not take fire or explode; it is clear and clean, and what little smell it has disappears almost immediately after use.

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For preserving fish, meat, poultry from becoming tainted.
For destroying bad smells.
For removing stains without injury even to the most delicate fabrics.
For use as a mouth wash, dentifrice, and nasal douche.
For freshening the air after tobacco smoke.
For preventing "cold in the head."
For removing and preventing the smell of perspiration.
For eliminating all vermin.

This sounds almost unbelievable, but a trial very quickly convinces. And isn't it worth trying? If in one bottle you can have a safe, harmless but powerful fluid which can be of service to you in so many different ways, can you afford to be without it? It costs only a shilling and threepence to become convinced. And a bottle lasts a long time—it is economical.

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"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Give them their Clothing:—Whoever is in charge of the men of the 605th Agricultural Company at Winchester might see that they are supplied with proper clothing. There is a screw loose somewhere in the Company, but we do not like the British soldier looking like a scarecrow.

Yorkshire Pudding:—The 13th Yorkshire Battalion at Mychett Camp complain to us that they are under canvas in the wet weather without tent-boards or ground-sheets. A visit to the spot by a member of the staff confirmed the complaint. Unless matters are remedied, the Medical Officer in this unit will be kept busy.

Military Malcontents:—Fortunately, nothing so mutinous as a strike took place at Squires Gate Camp, Blackpool, but there was a march-out of the men, including the R.A.M.C. Reserve Battalion Depôt. We will say no more concerning so grave a matter, beyond expressing the hope that the War Office will institute an Inquiry and see who was to blame.

Thieves and Rascals:—We suggest to the Army Council that steps should immediately be taken to stop the numerous thefts from the huts at Grove Park, S.E. The buildings are supposed to be locked, and looked after by Corporals, but when men return from their day's work they find that entry has been effected, and their kit-bags cut and looted. The goods of our soldiers should certainly be adequately protected.

List, ye Taxpayers!:—Here is the gist of a soldier's discharge certificate—it is far from unique. It will give you an idea where your money goes when you send your Income Tax to the urbane collector. "—— has served with the Colours in the A. S. C. (M. T.) for 113 days. His conduct was good whilst in hospital, where he passed his service except three days. (Signed) H. J. P. McAllen, Captain I.C. A: S. C. Records." The soldier referred to was passed by a Board of so-called medical men, went into hospital three days after he joined the Army, was kept and fed for 113 days afterwards, and was then kicked out. Ye gods! "That's the way the money goes!"

Where is the O. C.?:—From the 22nd Reserve Battalion of the London Regiment at Saxmundham we have a complaint that the food is short, and badly cooked—in fact, the numerous signatories to the complaint tell us that it is "somewhat wicked." We have investigated the complaint and find it not without foundation. In addition, the men are living under canvas, and are none too comfortable. Is there an Officer in Command at this place?

Economy and Starvation:—The Mechanical Transport fellows of the 3rd Heavy Repair Unit in France tell us that they are half starved—and the following Company Order, issued by Lieut.-Colonel Godfrey, may explain the matter:—"The Commandant is pleased to note that Trouville Hospital Centre now shows the greatest saving due to underdrawals of rations of all areas on the Lines of Communication. He recognises that this is entirely due to the care taken in preventing waste, and to careful organisation and checking. It is hoped that the high standard now reached will be maintained." We personally hope that the high standard now reached will *not* be maintained—at the expense of the men.

"JACK."

The Wrong Way:—The other day we met some Petty Officers from Dover who had received their passes dated from the morning, but were not allowed to leave quarters until evening. They reached their train too late to go to their homes the same night, and therefore lost a day. This is one of the common complaints we receive from both Services. Officers ensure that they get away from their quarters in time to catch the first train home. No wonder the men complain, and think there is one law for the Officer and another for the "common" serving man.

Rather Unfair:—The skippers of the mine-sweepers feel very sore at not receiving Command money, having regard to the extremely dangerous character of their duties. The motor-launch officers get the extra cash. Again, minesweeper men have not had an increase in pay since the war began, the only sop thrown out to them being 3d. a day towards the extra cost of food. Why such a difference between them and "Harry Tate's Navy"?

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Who is Responsible?:—The best positions as writers in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, are held by supposed indispensables—the reason being that service counts for promotion, and not capability. The result is that discharged men have the poorest chance.

The Old Story:—A discharged soldier, with a crippled right leg, applied for a post in Walsingham as local Fuel and Lighting Overseer—for which he was well fitted. He was turned down by the Weardale Rural District Council, the berth being handed to a clerk in the auction mart who had already about as much work in hand as he could manage.

For the Chief:—We hear from the Naval Ordnance Department at Woolwich that there are two permanent underlings there who are very much down on Silver Badgers—so much so, indeed, that some of the ex-soldiers prefer to leave their employment to serving under them. The work of the tormentors could be done by women. If the supreme head of the department wishes for the names of the two officials, he may apply to us.

A Good Opening:—British firms overseas set those at home a good example in many ways. For instance, the proprietor of a large tailor's business in India says that he has an opening for two good assistants for the gents' outfitting department and for one military and civilian cutter, "men discharged from the Army wounded or invalided preferred." The salary offered to start is £20 per month, three years' agreement, free second-class passage to India and return home passage. We should be pleased to forward applications.

Combing Out:—The fellows who are going around with the fine-toothed comb do not appear to be up to their job. This week we have dozens of complaints from badged men who are quite competent to take up employment in various capacities, but are refused by foremen who prefer to hide fit men in exempted occupations. If the persons handling the combs went the right way about their work, they would easily find battalions, brigades, and even divisions of fellows of fighting standard, whose places could well be taken by men who have been out and have suffered at the Front.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—".

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Infirmity Coupled with Want:—The aged father of a deceased Jutland hero appealed to our sympathy. His late son was his sole support, and the poor old fellow is now only in receipt of the Old Age Pension wherewith to keep body and soul together. He is too weak to work, even if he could obtain it.

Hospital Fares:—A soldier's wife has to take one of her children to hospital each day, the cost of the fare swallowing up a third of her separation allowance. She has four other youngsters, and they have been going short of necessaries on account of the delicate child.

Hubby's Woollies:—A soldier in France wrote home to his wife asking for some warm clothing. She could not see her way to purchase it, as she is not able to work.

Heavy Doctor's Bill:—Once again we paid the doctor. A soldier's wife, with two infants, is in a very delicate state of health, and has exhausted her small stock of savings in the payment of attendance, etc. She is still in need of special diet, and our timely help will put her on her feet again.

Lost Memory—and Work:—A discharged soldier, having been incapacitated through shell-shock, is unable to continue his employment. Serious mental trouble is developing, whilst his memory is so badly affected that he is gravely handicapped. The little we were able to do for him was greatly appreciated.

Practically Starving:—After sixteen years' service, this applicant has been discharged with consumption, and he tells us he has not been able to work for a single day for the last two years. His wife earns about four shillings per week sewing, and to this he adds his magnificent pension of 7s.

Further Assistance Rendered.

Soldier's widow, with five children, cannot work owing to ill-health, and had doctor's bill to pay.

Wounded soldier, on sick leave, found family in distress owing to repeated illness.

Having met with accident whilst working, soldier's wife could not meet expenses while off work.

Similar case; poisoned thumb causes temporary absence from work. Debts had accumulated.

Sailor's mother cannot live on Old Age Pension; no separation allowance as Man is married. Unfortunately, such cases are far from rare.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Anon., 1s.; "G. Ealing Reader," 1s.; W. B. (Birmingham), 1s. 6d.; E. J. H. W. (Cleethorpes), 15s. 9d.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; A. H. (Manor Park), 4s. 7d.; Pte. T. C. T., 5 frs.; C. C. S. (Norwich), 1s.; "Taxi Driver 5273," 1s.; W. A. L. M. (Sheffield), 2s. 9d.; "Winnings" (H. C.), 5s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "Nesta," 2s. 6d.; A. W. E. (Ipswich), 2s. 6d.; Lt.-Col. H. S. (B.E.F.), 10s.; F. S. (Manchester), 1s.; J. B. M., 2s.; S. W., 1s.; S. J. D., 1s.; J. W. W., 1s. 6d.; S. R. C., 6d.; "Fisherrow," 1s.; Mrs. H., 6d.; F. R. B. (S. Tottenham), 6d.; G. H. F. (Oswestry), 6d.; E. M. H., 5s.; F. L., 1s.; R. W. R., 2s.; W. B. T., 6d.; B. C. (Sunderland), 1s.; Mrs. C. W., 6d.; T. M., 1s.; Pte. H. W., 1s. 6d.; J. B. (B.E.F.), 6d.; J. H. B. (Chatford), 2s.; J. R., 6d.; "Fisherrow," 1s.; "Animosa," 6d.; "Boys of the 60th T.M.B.," £2 10s.; Departmental and Staff Club, Bangalore (per F. A. W.), £2; G. G. (Gillingham), 5s. 6d.; M. D. (Manchester), 10s.; J. H. G., 1s. 6d.; Mrs H. G. (Twyford), 2s.; Weekly Collection, O.P.S., Woolwich Arsenal, £1; "A Grateful Reader," 1s.; "Mishima," 10s.; L. D. (Diggle), 4s.; "Pip Emma," 2s. 6d.; S. W. T., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. T. (Bournemouth), 4s.; "Babs," £2 2s.; M. A. (Cowes), £5; "A Few Signalmen at Willesden," £1; G. S., 1s.; R. W., (Cheltenham), 1s.; Mr. P. (Preston), 1s. 6d.; A. B. (Barry Dock), 2s.; T. H., 5s.; "Milton," 2s.; O. W. H. (E. Dulwich), 2s. 6d.; E. J. G. (Torquay), 5s.; "76," 1s.; "Soldier's Wife's Cabbage Patch," 2s. 6d.; W. J. J., 11d.; O. W., 10½d.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "Jo," £2 10s.; "A Yorkshireman," 5s.; "Little Grace," 1s. 9d.; "D. M. A.13," £1; "Sunday Labour," £1; A. E., 2s. 6d.; W. A. W., 2s. 6d.; H. G. P. (Rugby), 1s. 6d.; "In Memory of Reggie," 10s.; "D. L. L.," 2s. 6d.; "A Few Members of Kowloon Cricket Club," £3 2s. 6d.; "Lancashire Lad," 5 frs.; G. W. C., 6d.; H. P., 6d.; J. S., 4s.; S. R. (Ideard), 2s.; "Splash," £5; V. E. C. (Croydon), 10s.; "Plumber, R. P.," 2s.; "In Memory, S. M. S.," 2s.; M. J. (Llanelly), 2s. 6d.; "A Reader," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. W. (Kingsley), 10s.; G. B. T., 1s.; H. S. (Aberaven), 1s.

Mrs. H. (Tilford, the winner of the first prize in the 297th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"YORKER" (London).—No, Allenby's latest in Palestine will not end the war, but it will go a long way towards finishing the Turks.

H. E. (Barking).—"General Election. . . It's now or never with you, Horatio Bottomley; good luck if the former, and good riddance if the latter." The hour brings the man, you think?

A. S. (Nuneaton).—"As a practical miner . . . what is at bottom of the whole question is the totally inadequate supply of food." Eyewash, also bunkum. If you had to work in Germhun mines you would get a durned sight less; and likely you couldn't eat what you got. And what about drink?

D. W. (Argyleshire).—Glad to know you "hear good reports all round of our articles." Shows you move about in the best circles.

B. M. (Lisbon).—If such letters as yours, dear lady, were the only "penalty of fame," we should be happy to loom still larger in the public eye.

"TRUE BRITISH" (Kensington).—"I often feel ashamed of my own countrymen when I find such sloppy fools in Parliament." How do you feel about the sloppy fools out of it?

A. E. Y. (Norwich).—"Best wishes for continued success, and more strength behind you." Wish we knew exactly what you mean by that.

B. S. (Streatham).—One might say of the Kaiser that his manner in the world would be intolerable in the Almighty towards a black-beetle.

A. C. V. (Forest Gate) suggests the term "Yahoo" for the Germhuns, instead of "Hun." "The word is *said* to have been invented by Dean Swift." Dear, dear! A. C. V. has evidently not himself read "Gulliver's Travels" in which it is applied to creatures in the forms of men but with the habits and passions of the lowest brutes.

J. L. A. (late Mach. Gun Corps).—"As a discharged soldier, I consider it a damned insult to honour Army dodgers with an O.B.E." Report O.B.E.A.D to L. G.

W. S. (Auckland, U.S.A.).—Your dream of the United States becoming federated to Great Britain—adding the Union Jack to the Stars and Stripes—is only a dream. While we are two, we are one. Were we one we should probably fall out—like most wedded couples.

"CAPT." (Sevenoaks).—". . . yet this blighter, who before 41 was touched insulted everyone regardless of age or obligations if they were not serving, slinks away——." But who lets him slink, and why?

G. L. (Sedbergh).—"Hoping you will be in the next Parliament with kindest regards." To be there without them would be a hollow triumph.

"TRADES UNIONIST" (W. Ealing) sends us a copy of "a circular by J. Ramsay Macdonald, the greatest Humbug that ever walked the earth:" Evidently the Kaiser's friend is discovered.

J. L. (East Molesey).—"Wasps destroy fruit wholesale." And retail, too, to judge from the shop windows.

"COLONIAL" (Canadian Expeditionary Force).—We note that at the Y.M.C.A. hut in France your friend "had to pull a revolver on the attendant to get a drink of tea." Evidently the gentleman was open to reason.

C. C. (North Shields).—The best way to "settle" Germhun pork-butchers is to decline to deal with them. Your shilling has been transferred to our "Greatest of These" Fund.

W. J. R. (Salisbury).—Afraid we cannot help you to get a job with a shipping company. Write to one or two of the leading lines and point out their loss if they don't engage you.

"AN OLD PENSIONER" (N.W.).—Well, and haven't we spoken up for old pensioners? Either your eyesight or your memory wants seeing to.

J. R. O'C. (Liverpool St.).—"In Ireland I could recruit an army of 20,000 in less than six months." Wish you meant it.

J. D. S. (Salisbury Plain).—"A man and a half eats a carrot and a half in a day and a half. How long will it take him to eat fifty carrots?" If they were young and well-cooked, he could do it in an hour, and await results.

"POOR DRAPERS' ASSISTANTS" (Stratford).—"Don't you think it's time something was done for the poor drapery girls?" They should get work of national importance.

"TOM COLE" (Birmingham).—"As weeds are in the garden killed, Plucked up by root and leaf, So must we serve those murdering Huns, And give the world relief: To do this deed we must fight on, The warfare shall not cease, For never till they are wiped out Will earth know perfect peace." Sir, you are the goods.

H. J. (Mansfield), a soldier, asks us whether he should send 17s. 6d. to a quack to cure him of blushing. He will blush if he does.

PTE. C. C. (B.E.F., France).—Mr. Asquith temporarily undertook the Ministry of War in 1914 while he was Prime Minister. Lord Derby followed Lord Kitchener as War Minister.

"DISCHARGED SOLDIERS" (Chepstow) complain that "interned Austrians here are allowed to mix with British soldiers in their canteen and can order beer and tobacco as they wish." Outrageous.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Springburn).—Yes, the prices of war-time boots are fixed by the Governemnt; but the manufacturers first fix the Government.

G. STANNARD (London, N.2).—As an ex-Inspector of the Metropolitan Police, you won't be "mixed" with Steinhardt. Shouldn't be surprised if one of these days we wake up to find some Germhun or other has taken the illustrious name of Bottomley.

P. P. (Hampstead, N.W.).—"Remove Rome from Ireland and there will be no more trouble." Thanks, although our office map indicates that they have come unstuck already.

A. A. M. (Ashby-de-la-Zouch).—Sorry to hear you have mislaid your wife. Take our oath we haven't seen her.

"PRIVATE W. AND WIFE" (West Kensington) report a scandalous case of overcharging in the refreshment rooms at the Zoological Gardens. Evidently there are greedy animals there besides those on four legs.

W. H. C. (Knock).—You send some verses you have copied from a newspaper; you do not know author's name, but say we can print them. Consult dictionary for meaning of "copyright" and "robbery."

"SILVER BADGE" (Derby).—"I ask your opinion of my verses. Hope you won't strafe me." Then we can't say a word about your verses; your hope deters us.

"NURSE" (N. W. Hospital).—"I am having a bet whether Grahame White is alive. Please answer." Naughty nurse to bet. Mr. G. W. says he is alive, and we have no reason to doubt his word.

"SINN FEINER" (Dublin).—You've either a bee in your bonnet or a flea in your ear or a maggot in your brain. See a doctor.

J. S. (Prestwick).—"A very simple means of getting rid of traitors would be to drop a glass bomb filled with petrol in their respective houses at once." You're a fiery customer, you are.

A. B. (Long Eaton).—"What will you lay me to a £ I don't name the day and month and year of peace?" One egg.

G. H. (London).—We know nothing of the "dental-work" of Leopold Blind, 207, Oxford Street, W. If, however, it is no better than the grammar of some of the Princes and Counts who are alleged to have given him testimonials, we don't think much of it.

G. S. (Roath).—We do not advise you to pay any money to A. Vernon-Ward, Vere Street, Cavendish Square, W., for ear treatment. See a qualified aural specialist.

PTE. E. G. (B.E.F.).—We accept your verses, "from a pulr but honest soldier," but should blush to print more than this:—"The Hun now totters to his fall, Hail! noblest Briton of them all!" Long may he tott.

S. S. (W. Kens.).—You sat four hours in the wrong office, and then found somebody else had been engaged in the right one? You will have to be a bit more smarty, for you will never get a job at that rate.

J. W. C. (Darlington).—Afraid you have no legal remedy for the loss of your MS. submitted to the *Christian Globe*. You might have been safer with the *Pink 'Un*.

A. R. (Kirkcudbright).—"Please think well over what I have said." We have ordered wet towels and black coffee.

F. R. (Cumberland).—Glad to hear from you again. Any message from the missus?

G. S. (Laindon).—We can hardly regard blackberries as "bare necessities of life." There have been times when we would have preferred a rasher.

2ND LIEUT. H. E. B. (Eastbourne).—Your wife is certainly not bound in law to return by post the unsolicited picture sent to her by the Oxford Fine Art Galleries, 68, Baker Street, London, but she must hold it at their disposal should they call for it. We get dozens of complaints about these people.

"ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNER" (Kingsgate)—"Two young ladies, not knowing where to go for an air-raid shelter, approached the next-door neighbour." Mistook him for a "dug-out," perhaps.

J. L. W. (Birmingham).—Your letter bothered us a bit until we found out that it began at the back and ended in the middle. Bet you don't catch us next time.

W. J. A. (Bethnal Green).—"To settle an argument, do you think Mr. Lloyd George recognised the Police Union or not?" Yes, we think he recognised the Union or not.

"OLD NOBLE" (Ramsgate).—"I have nearly 500 copies of your valuable paper . . . how best to dispose of same?" Keep them as an heirloom in the family.

PTE. S. F. (Barnes) rescued a woman from the Thames at the risk of his life, and although the police had his name and the name of an Army Captain who witnessed his plucky conduct, he has not had a word of thanks. Gratitude is a rare fruit.

L. D. (Westgate). — Treatment of pit ponies depends on the humanity of those in charge of them. Even inspection can be only occasional and casual.

"CHAR" (Old Basford).—". . . on behalf of the charwomen at Bagthorpe Military Hospital, we are thinking about asking for a rise of wages." Don't think. Ask and ye shall—well, good luck!

"READER" (Gt. Wyrley).—You can take it, on general principles, that all advertising matrimonial agents are bouncers. It's your money they want. The women, (or men) they offer, if any, are not worth an Assouan.

W. W. (Cheetham).—Amazed that you ask us to recommend "a genuine fat reducer." Stick to rations, and dwindle according to Dora.

"J. B. ENGLAND."—"We want to know if it is right for the W.R.N.S. to get more money than us." We do not know what you get or what you are, but we think the girls get no more than they earn, and perhaps not so much as they deserve.

"HARRY" (Tavistock).—"As there's no beer, I dearly thirst To try and win your 'Bullets' First." If you should win, we strongly fear That you would think you're no small beer.

"A FARMER'S WIFE" (Chelmsford).—Sixty-eight bags of peas, weight 80 lb. per bag, were sold in Borough Market for 4s. per bag. After paying rail, commission, and picking, 10s. was left for other expenses and—profit. Somebody made a bit, but it wasn't the farmer.

"PI-AR SQUARE" (Authors' Club).—Sorry no room for Home Rule schemes. Go and suck a lemon.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"JOHN BULL" PEN ACCESSORIES.

INK PELLETS.

A good writing ink can be obtained by filling pen with water and dropping in one pellet. Per tube, 6d. post free.

POCKET CLIP.

Nickel plated ball end, easy to fasten.

Price 4d. Postage ½d.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 *(Oct. 5th, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

COMPANY MEETINGS.

AERATED BREAD CO.

An extraordinary general meeting of the Aerated Bread Co., Ltd., was held on the 23rd September at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., to consider the proposal to amalgamate with W. and G. Buszard, Ltd., of Oxford Street. Mr. George Harvey, chairman of the company, presided, and, in moving the resolution, said that on the last occasion he addressed the shareholders he had to point to a very serious loss as the result of the year's working, and the position was not then hopeful. Since then they had met with some success in their scheme of reform. They had felt that in view of the increase of wages and the alarming increase of expenses, that they ought to join with some other company, to raise the tone of the business generally and give more life and elasticity to it than could be obtained by adhering to the tea-shop business pure and simple. In addition, they had been struggling with insufficient working capital, and there was a time last year when they seemed to have reached the end of their resources. Power was given by the shareholders to the directors to issue the unissued shares, and he took some personal credit for the fact that those shares were not issued. At the time they would have been issued at 25s., whereas now they were being offered at 45s. Whereas they would have secured a doubtful capital sum of £71,307, they were now securing a certain capital sum of £128,353. With regard to Buszard's Company, that had gone ahead at a phenomenal pace. They were short of room, whereas the A.B.C. had a large site at Camden Town and 140 retail shops which were not doing the business they were capable of. It was proposed to develop the products of Buszard's along with their own, and to maintain their quality and reputation to the utmost by utilising the staff which had been trained in their particular class of business as a special department. He was absolutely confident that the step they contemplated was a good and proper one. They were under the absolute necessity of reconstructing the service arrangements of many of their shops.

They wanted this adjunct to their business to help them to meet the rapidly rising wages and expenses. They thought the price in shares which they were paying for Buszard's business was justified. There was nothing that would have induced him to become a party to the scheme if he did not think he was doing what was right in every single detail. (Hear, hear.) When they mentioned an estimated profit of £75,000 for the joint undertaking in the first year they put forward a tonnage estimate and not any fancy figure, as had been suggested by one critic. If he had any misgiving even now, after all the criticism, he would not go on with the scheme.

The resolutions were carried on a show of hands by a large majority.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS.

Sir Adolph Tuck, Bart., presiding on the 24th inst. at the meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons Ltd.), recalled that a year ago he had expressed the confident hope that the improvement then disclosed would be more than maintained in the year before them; the report now submitted would have acquainted the shareholders with the fact that that hope was already in process of realisation. They had turned the corner, and were again able not only to renew the payment of dividends on Preference and Ordinary capital entirely out of the year's earnings, but they were also in the satisfactory position of being able to resume the building up of their reserve. The result had been achieved by legitimate increases in the turnover.

Still better results could readily have been obtained had they been able to fully cope with all the orders actually accepted by them, but owing to the great shortage of material and labour they had had in a great measure to adopt the policy of rationing, and he offered apologies to the many customers whom they had had to disappoint in part with regard to their full requirements.

The report was adopted, and at an extraordinary general meeting resolutions dealing with the remuneration of the directors and with the existing management agreement were unanimously approved.

MOND NICKEL.

Mr. Robert Mond, at the meeting of the Mond Nickel Co., Ltd., on September 26th last, emphasised that theirs was essentially a mining, smelting, and refining company. They possessed good mines, and were pioneers in developing the mineral resources of the Empire. The available balance was £616,851 as compared with £410,198 last year. They were increasing the amount placed to reserve from £50,000 last year to £250,000. He spoke of the advantage of having an important refinery of Canadian ore in this country. Intensive cultivation had brought to greater prominence the prevalence of plant diseases, and, their copper sulphate providing the most potent means of protecting crops, they were making every effort to provide adequate supplies. They had been free from any serious labour troubles, thanks to the agreement they had arrived at with the representatives of their workpeople, and it was interesting to note that one of the terms of the settlement of the recent railway dispute was the adoption of the scheme similar to theirs.

The accounts were unanimously adopted.

THE BAR-LOCK TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.

The annual meeting was held at Bar-Lock Bldgs., Southwark St., S.E., on Sept. 23rd. The Chairman, Mr. W. J. Richardson, in presenting the balance-sheet, stated that in spite of great difficulties the profits, including amount brought forward, are £26,256 19s. 4d. The Directors recommended the payment of 7½ per cent. dividend upon the Ordinary shares, increasing Reserve by £2,000, and after payment of the Preference Dividends, carrying forward £1,241 19s. 4d. The report was unanimously adopted.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a representative body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D. Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

TYPICAL CASES.

"A" says he has "only a slight touch of it," and does not worry.

If the disease is not treated at once, it may spread and bring most dangerous results.

"B" has "had it a good while and tried different kinds of stuff without getting well."

"B" should immediately consult a doctor. Self-drugging is almost always useless, and frequently dangerous.

"C" says, "after all, the risk of catching venereal diseases is very small."

No. There are about 140,000 *fresh* cases every year. The recent Royal Commission found that in large cities one person in ten of the whole population is or has been infected with syphilis.

"D" waited to see "if it got any worse" before he went to the doctor.

This is to risk being broken for life. If the Diseases are treated early, they can almost certainly be cured; if they are neglected, the gravest results may ensue.

There is one thing—and one thing only—to be done by anyone who is infected, who suspects infection or who has taken a risk of infection—*it is to go to the doctor or hospital at once.* It is no use saying, "I am tied to business"—Business must wait. It is no use saying, "I am afraid to go." There is no reason to be afraid to go; there is every reason to be afraid if one does *not* go.

FREE TREATMENT.

Free treatment, under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. Apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Further notes will appear shortly in this paper.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write to the Medical Secretary, N. C. C. V. D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, for free literature or information.

A £30,000 Book.

CUSTOMS OF THE WORLD.

FOR nine **PENCE** a week you can possess one of the most extraordinary and fascinating works ever published, **"CUSTOMS OF THE WORLD,"** a popular account of the *most curious* customs of all countries relating to birth, childhood and youth, courtship, marriage, religion, magic, sorcery, superstition, witchcraft, death, funerals, burial, and mourning.

A few of the thousands of customs which are included are: On the birth of a child, a father will lie up as an invalid in addition to the mother; if a child of the undesired sex is born it is thrown into the sea; where women propose to men; the importance of the mother-in-law in different countries; peculiar divorce and marriage ceremonies; curious secret societies; sacrifices; human sacrifices; propitiation ceremonies; elaborate processions; mutilation and torture; suspending by the feet to a tree for many years; lying on spikes; idolatry; ghosts; sorcerers; charms; witches; magicians; suicides of wives; professional spirit-catchers; peculiar burial rites; curious memorials to prevent haunting; wearing of limbs and skull of the deceased.

These are but an odd few of the many customs dealt with popularly by great authorities and which are beautifully illustrated on Art Paper.

The letterpress throughout is by the leading authorities, and there are no less than 1,443 fine illustrations, selected from some tens of thousands, and 31 beautiful coloured plates.

The work consists of two large, handsome volumes, beautifully bound in half-morocco leather grain, elaborately gilded. It is sure to please you. Send 6 penny stamps to cover postage, and we will send you free 48 specimen pages and two coloured plates, printed on Art Paper, and worth at least one shilling. Send to-day to THE STANDARD ART BOOK CO., Ltd. (Dept. 108), 30-38, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

29/6 LADIES' 29/6

Trench Coats

Buy a GENUINE BARGAIN.

Direct from the Manufacturers.

A Smart Coat made up in Proofed Gabardine Cloth, in various shades, FULLY CHECK LINED, with Belts and Buckles. Tailor-made, High class finish.

These coats are equal in every respect to those sold by retailers at almost double the price.

Gent's, Youths' & Maids' also stocked.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR PATTERNS AND BOOKLET.

This offer to only open while our present stocks last, and orders can only be taken in rotation. Approval willingly.

Thousands of Testimonials received expressing great satisfaction with these Coats.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
DEPT. E
53, Oxford Road, MANCHESTER.

SKIN TROUBLE?

Send for our Trial Bottle

FREE !

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Send to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free of the wonderful new skin discovery.

D.D.D. Prescription.

A liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of **ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM, INSECT BITES, AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES.** Cures speedily, permanently. Kills and throws off the disease germs deeply buried in the skin. Cure begins with the very first application of this wonderful wash. **Send to-day for the free trial bottle.** Will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered, and heals far more quickly than salves or ointments.

Send no money or stamps.

D. D. D. is obtainable at 2/9, of all chemists

SEND FOR THE FREE SAMPLE TO-DAY.

D.D.D. LABORATORIES,
M.N.5. Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

GREAT OPPORTUNITIES AT

GAMAGES

GREAT STOCK REDUCING SALE.

GENT'S LOUNGE SUITS

The selection is so vast and varied that space will not allow of description, in addition to Blue, Brown, Grey and Striped Cloths, there are Heather Mixtures and Tweeds various. Well cut, bold lapels and finished in good style.

SALE PRICES
60/- 65/-
75/- 84/-
and upwards.
Post Free.

All suits are ready to wear. No patterns can be sent.

SALE NOW ON.

SALE LIST POST FREE

Lot Hy.5.
KHAKI SERVICE SHIRTS.

Khaki Drill Training Shirts with collars attached, 2 pleat pockets and shoulder straps.

SALE PRICE 6/10½
Post 6d. for 1, 2, or 3

All Post Orders should be accompanied by a Remittance.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1

You need not Practice to Become a Good Pianist

My System has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use the system. No apparatus or specially written score. The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.

400 readers of "John Bull" took this course during 1917.

12,000 Successful Pupils. Send for my Illustrated Book 'Light on Pianoforte Playing.'

This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons, and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency. Apply for booklet to-day, but do not omit to state whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. Send 3d. for part war-time cost and postage.

A. MACDONALD SMITH,
19, Bloomsbury Square, LONDON, W.C.1

From Brain to Keyboard

There is only one "From Brain to Keyboard" System, the original one in every sense.

BULLETS

£200 1ST PRIZE

2ND PRIZE £20 — £10 3RD PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £2 10	10 PRIZES OF £1	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	200 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 TARGET PRIZES

☞ **Please note that next week "Bullets" First Prize will be increased to £500.**

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters you like. These examples will suggest you. Example :—Fertile Town. Bullet :—Of War, Acting Its Part. Example—Dirt And Strokes. Bullet—Rotten Peppering Huns. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated October 26th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 304.

GENERAL PERSHING	THE GERMAN NAVY	WHEN BOTTOMLEY SPEAKS	GOD KING
MAN OF PUSH	WORST GOOD OUT	HOT AND STRONG	WANT AND SEE
IN PALESTINE	SPYING GOOD-BYE	WHAT GERMANS BELIEVE	TOMMY'S HOME
DEALING WITH STRIKERS	IN FULL FRIENDLY	DIRT SWEEP	FEELING TIRED
MAKES PEOPLE CROSS	FEELING GROSSLY	AFTER A MEAL	MOST UNLUCKY TO
BUYING WHISKEY	FIGHTING THE DEVIL	FATHER THINKS THAT	IRISH FLYERS
NOBODY TO BLAME	CROSSING SEAS	SISTER	LOOKING THROUGH HAT
HOBSON'S CHOICE	BURNING FOR REVENGE	YOU NEVER CAN TELL	MAKES KAISER SICK

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 10th

Example____

Bullet____

Example____

Bullet____

(304) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed____

Address____

BUT IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 10th

Example____

Bullet____

Example____

Bullet____

(304) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If a coupons are used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed____

Address____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 304, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 305.

AUSTRIA'S NEXT MOVE	SINKING FAST	WHEN TANKS APPEAR	SIGNED TOMMY ARRIVES
AFTER PEACE	GOING THROUGH IT	SURPRISING THE HUNS	MY DEAR WIFE
THE TURKISH ARMY	BEYOND RECALL	RISING FIRE	FATHER'S WEAKNESS
GERMANY NEEDS	THE LATEST SCANDAL	GOING TO THE DOGS	PLEASED THE GIRLS
A BURNING QUESTION	RIGHT THERE	PUSHING ON	THE KAISER NOW THINKS

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17th. All coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 305 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 305, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for competition 304.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 305 will be found in the "Competitors' Journal."
Complete List of all the other Prize-winners will be found in "John Bull."

Result of 301st "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:
Mr. EDWIN JEFFERY,
3, Kent Villas, Kendal.
Example :—Dictating Peace.
Bullet :—"Stick To Your Guns."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:
Miss A. MEYER,
Elnora Drive, Douglas, Isle of Man.
Example :—Our Office Boy.
Bullet :—Gone—To Kaiser's Funeral.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
Capt. R. F. BRENNER, M.F.A.,
3, Rutland House, Madeira Road, Kensington, London.
Example :—What Germany Thinks.
Bullet :—All "Turning On Her."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. W. Morgan, 57, Lansdowne Rd., Canton, Cardiff: Making A Hash—Unless We Settle Germany's.
Mr. J. Williams, 50, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.: Retiring To Plan—"Base Lies" Reaken Berlin.
Mr. J. H. Bayly, "Pentewan," Bagber Rd., Totton, Hants: Our Office Boy—Unaffected By Any Comb.
Mr. C. G. Netherton, 77, London Road, Ipswich: The British Empire—Germany Can't "Buy Off."
Mr. P. E. Roberts, 16, Windsor Cres., Whitley Bay: What Bottomley, Knows—Kaiser Won't "Spread Abroad."
Mr. C. Charles, 9, Madison Avenue, Bournemouth, E.: What Germany Thinks—Explains Hindenburg's "Forbidding Expression."
Mr. J. McKirdy, 13, Watt Street, Greenock: Holding Fast—And Furious Meetings—Kaiser.
Mr. T. Winton, Findon, Worthing, Sussex: What Germany Thinks—She's Paying—War Isn't.
Miss C. Curnock, 39, Handley St., Sleaford, Lincs: Our Office Boy—Can't "Speak For Toffee." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. A. Williams, 12, Roundhill Road (Please send full address): The Hindenburg Line—Ours "Comes Up To."

10 PRIZES OF £1 EACH:

Miss D. Brierley, 72, Stamford Street, Old Trafford: Best Left Alone—Anything That Cures Everything.
Coy.-Sgt.-Maj. E. Read, 175, Grane Rd., Haslingden: Best Left Alone—Foch By Amateur Strategists.
Mr. R. A. Glass, 26, St. Albans Rd., Moseley, Bir'h'm: On Last Legs—Things Creeping Into Germany.
Mr. P. More, 74, St. Dunstan's Street, Canterbury: Confounding The Kaiser—With The "Conqueror"—Nobody.
Mr. J. Kearney, 48a, Hibernian Rd., Jarrow-on-Tyne: The Hindenburg Line—Separates Civilization From Barbarism.
Cpl. L. Eversher, A.P.C., 52, Standard Rd., Hounslow: Best Left Alone—Shares In Krupps Now.
Mr. N. Buchanan, 3, Kingsfield Terrace, Dartford: Confounding The Kaiser—German Public, American Republic.
Mr. T. Yandell, 11, Perry St., Stapleton Rd., Bristol: Our Sailors—Guarantee "Bed And Breakfast."
Mr. C. S. Journeaux, 1, Eaton Road, Dover: On The Run—Fingers Through Kaiser's Hair.
Mr. J. Daniel, 66, Grosvenor Road, Canonbury, N.5.: Embraced A Lot—The Women Were Splendid.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The Prize-winning Bullet will be judged for which, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and that decision is final. In order of merit, the ten prize winners in order of merit, the ten prize winners will be awarded prizes according to Governess, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes between two or more competitors is reserved.

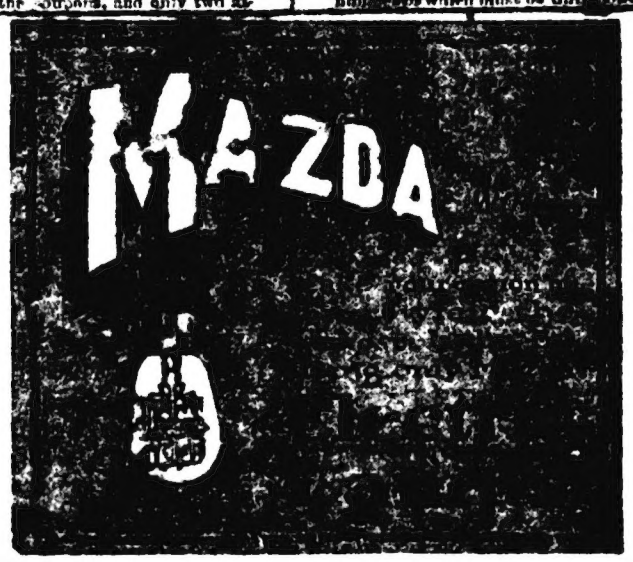
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one side of the coupons, and only two Bullets may be sent on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

3. [illegible] must be sent in each envelope, and accompanied by postal order for 6d. made payable to John Bull and crossed [illegible]. Competitors must write their name and address and the date of the issue of the paper in which the coupons appear, which must be given to them when sending in their Bullets.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.



Trench are overcome by Queues Evans' Pastilles. Send a tin to the Front.

Take One in Time.

Whenever the night is cold or foggy; and when you enter or leave crowded rooms or buildings.

Evans' Pastilles will strongly fortify your throat and lungs against all microbe attacks.

EVANS' Pastilles

The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, etc.

You can always recognise the genuine by the raised bar on each pastille. Look for it. Per tin 1/3

From Chemists or post free from the makers—

EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, LTD., 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

CONDITIONS.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next of kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £3,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles, and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situated outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
For week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

Oct. 5, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr. Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

Oct. 5, 1918

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 ...	10 5 6
£20 ...	0 11 0
£30 ...	0 16 6
£40 ...	1 2 0
£50 ...	1 7 6
£100 ...	2 15 0
£200 ...	5 10 0
£500 ...	13 15 0

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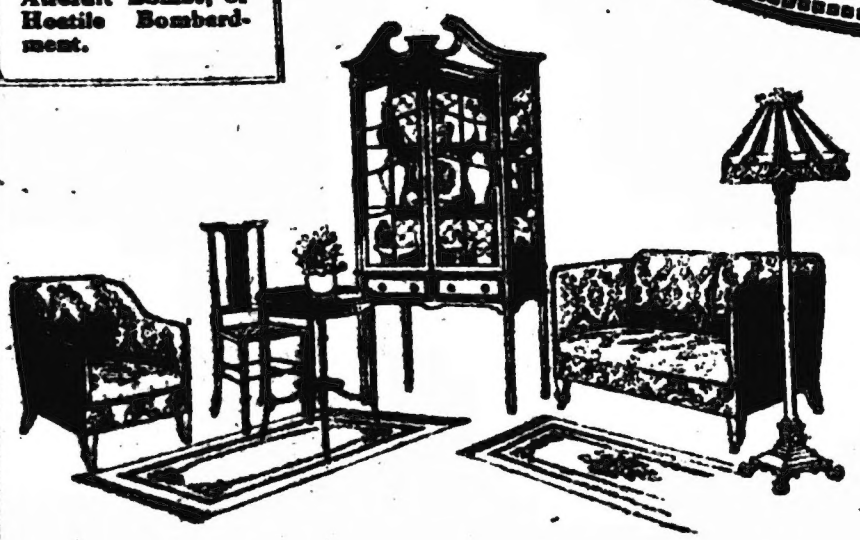

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is altogether different from any other course of efficiency training, for it simplifies the subject, and embodies a series of exercises by which the principles taught may be applied and practised.

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To Funk & Wagnalls Co., 134, Salisbury Sq., E.C.4.

I enclose 6d. for postage. Please send "How to Build Mental Power" on 3 days' approval. Unless I return the book within 5 days, I agree to remit, within 5 days, either 18/- to complete payment, or 1st instalment of 4/6 and 3 further monthly payments of 4/6. (J.B.)

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Address .....

Please write CLEARLY.

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All Sizes 63/-

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